

The Other Half of Legend

Story: The Other Half of Legend

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Summary: A story of becoming more than one's past. A series of oneshots about Hama and Ivan's relationship. Rated T because of allusions to mature subjects like depression.

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1**

Put simply, I am a Golden Sun maniac. I have whole novels' worth of fanfiction in my head, but sadly, I don't really have time for a novel, or even a medium-length story. That's why no-pressure collections of one-shots like these are good for me: I can share a peek of my world without giving myself yet another source of stress. So...enjoy!

They foretold he would be a savior. A man among men.
Guardian of Contigo, legend of Weyard.

Thus, he had to go. Go with the shifty, stunted man in foreigner's garb, out beyond the desert where he would grow into his destiny. A cringing, mewling infant, bundled like corn, sold like meat.

The mother did not follow the prophecy willingly. She bit and scratched at the men holding her back, grasping at the air between her and her retreating son. Her cries of pain were not understandable to those who had never lost a child to fate. Was not her son to be one of the great warriors? Was he not leaving with a rich and noble man, to be raised among satin and marble? Could she not endure the suffering of a lonely mother long enough for destiny to take place?

But the mother had lost too much. Her parents had succumbed to the long, silent agony of the crimson fever when she was but a maiden. Her lover's corpse was lost under the sands of a bloody battlefield. And her son...her darling baby boy...without him, everything was dark. The crisp scent of freshly woven baskets, the chatter of old friends, the soft red warmth of a setting sun...they held no pleasure anymore.

No one spoke of the daughter: the eldest child, still alive, boiling and sweeping and mending. She became a parent for her mother, a woman for her neighbors. Always listening, always needed. Dutiful and loving, the perfect girl.

Perfect, but not enough. No mere child, however faithful, could replace the stolen hero. No lonely girl could draw the mother from her cot. And no one, gentle or wise, old or small, could wake the woman from the peace she had found in sleep.

But the daughter, the girl the prophecy forgot: she remained. She would train and grow, dedicating her life to village that raised her. And most importantly, she would remember to wait.

Ah, so short! Anyway, some of you might wonder why I've chosen to write about such a minor character. The answer: Because I grew up hating her. Though she was Ivan's sister, she was so cold to him, even taking into account her serious personality. But the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. I mean, she became an orphan because Master Hammet took her brother away. Then, after fifteen years of waiting, her brother doesn't even recognize her. Not that he would, he was only a baby when he left, but nevertheless, it has to be traumatic.

In case you couldn't tell, Ivan is my favorite character. If anyone knows of any good fanfiction about him, I'm all ears (Though preferably non-yaoi. I'm all for gay pride, but those kinds of stories just don't appeal to me. Sorry.).

***Chapter 2*: Her Duty**

I do not own Golden Sun, it's characters, it's settings, or even the djinn. Another chapter from Hama's pov.

He was too small. He was supposed to be a hero, a warrior. The reincarnation of Yegelos himself. Not...not a boy. He was just a stunted, thin boy, with messy blond hair and eyes that looked too much like Mother's did. And his friends...true, they looked stronger and taller, but they were still just children.

She'd expected a grand entrance. Strong, resourceful adepts with wisdom and power beyond their years, striding through the doors in wild foreign dress and demanding an audience. Not that the prophecies had foretold such an entrance. But neither had they foretold that the great heroes of Weyard would be found collapsed and dehydrated outside the temple walls by one of the junior monks. The girl explained that they'd been traveling through Altin Peak, that they'd come across the temple by mere chance...

Not that Hama believed in such a thing. She'd foreseen that she'd be needed, thus she was here. Her sole task was to facilitate the descendant's quest, to teach him the ancient technique. She needed to make but a brief appearance and then disappear. In just a few short days, her life's purpose would be fulfilled.

Ivan. I-van. Ivan. The name tasted foreign, like stone. It was not a name she'd have expected of a hero of the wind. Not a name Mother would have given him.

Hama had never had a name for the infant brother; he was taken away before he was old enough for the naming ceremony. Neither did she have a name for the hero her life was crafted to serve, none except Him. To finally have a name after fifteen years...and not be able to use it. The young man who stood before her was too strange, too quiet to be the infant Mother died for. He could be the hero. He would be the hero. But never the brother.

Which is why Hama enjoyed being called Master too much to her liking. He said it too easily, with a meekness that came not from respect but from docility. She in turn found herself correcting him too quickly, sighing too loudly. He was a diligent disciple, practicing drills deep into the night. He'd made more progress in the first three days than Hama had after four months of training. But it was still too slow, too difficult. Hama's teaching was supposed to be a mere formality. She would pass on the ancient wisdom, the hero would grasp it instinctively and then leave on his world-changing journey. She was not supposed to be needed this much.

"M-Master Hama? May I ask a question?" Hama opened her eyes to see the child bowing on the mat in front of her.

"Yes, you may."

He glanced up at her and then shot his gaze back down to the floor. "I noticed...you are able to control the wind. To read minds. Your powers...they're like mine."

"Yes. I am one of the few remaining wind adepts like yourself." Was that so hard to fathom? He was a chosen warrior, but that did not mean he was the only person the Anemos had seen fit to bless with their inheritance.

The child shot up out of his bow. "There are more?" The paleness in his face showed that he immediately realized his impropriety, but something about the boy seemed too scattered, too desperate for manners. He spoke again, softly this time. "Then...there are others? Like- like us?"

Ah. Hama's suspicious had been correct. The merchant had foregone his promise; he had neglected to pass on the elder's lessons. The child knew nothing, not of Contigo, not of the Hover Jade, not of her...

Hama glanced at the staff of legends at the child's side. It's appearance was more like that of a stick than a weapon. Yet despite it's uncarved, knobby exterior, Hama could sense a great...history within it. At least the merchant had been honorable enough not to sell it. At least the boy had kept it safe.

Perhaps the elders had intended for the boy to be ignorant. If he knew of his past, his future (and Weyard's) was sure to change. However cruel, for the sake of Weyard Hama could not tell him of his people or the dangers he would face. Any duty she had as his master was subservient to her role as servant of the prophecies.

But was he really meant to walk on his path so blindly? Was even the savior of Contigo a mere pawn in others' machinations?

"Yes."

...I edited this one only twice, so it might have a few things wrong with it. Feel free to point out any typos or embarrassing errors (in a kind, constructive way of course). I just needed to get this one off my chest. And yes, I know that I'm messing with canon a little.